

Notes of a Madman

Talks given from 1984

Miscellaneous

2 Series

Year published: 1985

Book contains 2 "series" of 7 and 6 "sessions" respectively. The 2 series have been considered as 2 chapters for the purpose of the CD-ROM.

Notes of a Madman

Series #1

Chapter title: None

1984 in Lao Tzu Grove

Archive code: 8400000

ShortTitle: NOTES01

Audio: No

Video: No

SESSION 1

Never act out of fear. Don't be worried about my body, it is okay. Don't listen to my body but to me. My body is always a little strange... it's bound to be.

Once you are aware, the body starts losing its grip over the consciousness. Once you are aware, you are no more of this world. That is why the awakened one dies and is not born again. He cannot be born, it is impossible. He cannot have another body. This is my last body.

You are fortunate to be with a person who is in the last body. I will not be again because I AM Being. Once you are Being you cannot be born again. It is Being which matters. It is Being which is eternal. Bodies come and go; Being remains. Bodies are born and die; Being is neither born nor dies.

The music is beautiful but stop it. I am unpredictable. It is beautiful, but a hindrance to the ultimate flight. It is a bridge and you cannot make your home under a bridge. The bridge needs to be dropped. Mohammed was averse to music because the very beauty of music can keep one rooted. It is just between this and that, but I want only that. I hear music during the day but only to keep myself rooted in the body a little more because I love you so much. I want to create a home for the people I love. I do not want history to say I dreamed but could not make my dream become a reality. Just for this I want to linger in this body. All who are gathered in this room are helping me. Thank you all. I have never thanked Vivek for the simple things. Her service to me is just beyond words. It is useless to thank her, it cannot be deep enough, be true. The last few months have been very difficult, very difficult to stay in the body. Over the years she has served me so beautifully, being with me like a shadow, doing a thousand and one things. Before I can say it, she knows my need. I have not thanked her. How can I thank her? There is no way. The English word "thank you" is so far away, nor can I use it for all of you who are taking care of my body, which is not just my body but my promise to thousands of people in the world.

I know these heights, but through the body. Now using chemistry I want to see if it is possible to see the heights seen by Buddha, Jesus, Lao Tzu. I think that it is. In the library there are thousands of books; there are over one hundred thousand volumes in the beautiful library. I love the library; it contains all the best that has ever been written. I am giving it all to our university. Of all the thousands of books I have told Vivek to carry only one. That is my only book now. It is written by a man who has not reached but has come very close, very, very close -- Khalil Gibran. I wanted to talk about his book many times but did not. The time was not yet right. The man was only a poet and not a mystic, not one who really knows, but he reached to heights in his imagination. Walt Whitman is the only American to talk of these heights, but he also missed. He missed when he was just on the verge, he was hindered by his homosexuality. It is not a big thing in itself, but a big thing as far as transformation is concerned. He missed. He wrote a beautiful book of poetry but could not reach to these heights. His chemistry, his own body chemistry was not ready for it. Homosexuality is a perversion, a perversion of one's own body chemistry. But even so he would have understood. He was the right person to understand what I am saying. Very few understand my words anywhere in the world, but particularly in the West.

India is the land of the seers, but that is the past not the present. That is no longer in existence. This is the height of the Upanishads, the Vedas, the mystics. The astrologers now say that before the Festival of Lights in 1984, I will be the top Godman in India and the world. They say I will be the Godman -not just THE Godman but the top Godman. But I am just a simple man, not a Godman at all... and I am not a savior. I am again an unenlightened man. How can I save anybody? And they think I will save India! How can I save India? I don't have a Noah's Ark....

I am the watcher. I am continuously watching, just watching and doing nothing, not even the grass growing.

Do not try to cheat me. I am such a cheat myself, you cannot cheat me. As far as the inner world is concerned you cannot cheat at all.

This is so beautiful, utterly beautiful... only a woman can dare into such beauty. Beauty is so much more than mere truth.

Everyone is afraid of danger. There is no need to be afraid. In danger there is no thought, only thoughtlessness. Many times I have moved into danger. I love danger. Thousands of times I have been in real danger.

Once I was traveling in Rajasthan. I was in a first class compartment. In the middle of the night a man attacked me with a dagger as I was sleeping. I opened my eyes and looked at the man. He looked into my eyes, my childlike eyes. You can understand the whole story if you just look into my eyes. He looked into my eyes, saw the child, and stopped. He dropped the idea.

I said to him, "What is the matter? Why are you not doing your thing? I am doing my thing so you can do yours. I dare you!"

He said, "You are the only man ever to dare me. Excuse me, I cannot stab you. I want to be your disciple." He is now one of my sannyasins.

There may be some devils among my sannyasins. One can never know. Perhaps my being at these great heights may be infectious. My wings are there, you can ride on them.

I am not a democrat, I am a dictator; that is why so many Germans come to me. In fact they come because they cannot find anybody in Germany. That's why they come to me. I am a dictator with a difference, a dictator with the heart of democracy.

I am grateful. Every master has been grateful to his disciples, because they are more cunning. Lao Tzu was grateful to Chuang Tzu because Chuang Tzu was more cunning. I am not saying he was not very beautiful... but more cunning than Lao Tzu. Buddha was grateful to Mahakashyap because Mahakashyap was more cunning. And that has always been the story, and will be the story always. Prove to be my real disciples so I too can say "Thank you." Yes, thank you, thank you. God is content.

The world has to see the ordinary, the small things, in order to see the extraordinary. That's why I say I am not enlightened. Enlightenment and non-enlightenment are two aspects of the whole. But the whole is known only by the one who can say, "I am no more enlightened." For example, there is only one man outside this Noah's Ark, J. Krishnamurti, but he is too much enlightened. He too must become unenlightened, then only will he be whole. That is why to see the eyes of a master is to see the eyes of ignorance. It is difficult to open the eyes, that is why I am in the body. Commitments have to be fulfilled.

Wipe that tear from my eye. I have to pretend to be enlightened, and enlightened people are not supposed to cry.

SESSION 2

It feels so joyful, so peaceful, so blessed to have you all around me. It is very beautiful. Jesus was not so blissful... I mean the company he had around him. It was not a very beautiful company, only Jews. I also have many Jews. Jews are beautiful, but to be Jewish is wrong. To be traditional, to belong to a tradition, to hang with religion, is wrong.

Just to be oneself is true. That is my teaching, just to be yourself; just to be your own purity, without fear... whatsoever it means, without fear, because it will mean different things for different people.

Sheela was thinking of buying a plane for me. A million dollar plane so I can fly... but I am flying, flying without a license, and flying to the highest, where there are no limits. Otherwise there are always limits.

I have heard: One man was driving fast, suddenly he stopped, looked at his wife and his mother-in-law sitting in the back and said, "Okay, let's first of all decide who is driving this car, you or your mother."

This is beautiful. Without wasting a million dollars....

Good. I am now high. It is so good.

Satyam... Shivam... Sundram.

Truth... Good... Beauty.

God is more precisely defined as beauty, not as truth, or as good. We are only consciousness and awareness; even chemistry cannot interfere....

I am a child again,
I can hear where this water,
and the land ends....

What a land.

I am relaxed twenty-four hours a day, so sleep is very difficult. I am relaxed... no, I am relaxation.

Howsoever beautiful a man is, there is something ugly about him, and vice versa; howsoever ugly a man is, there is something beautiful about him. Whereas a woman is always beautiful.

Do you know I am laughing? I am trying my best to make you laugh. Don't listen to anybody, continue towards the heights which only the ignorant can know, heights which only those who do not know much can reach. To know is not great. To not know is to go to the heights. Not knowing is truth. That is why I said J. Krishnamurti is full of knowledge. He is so full of intellectuality; if he gets out of it he will become unenlightened again, just like me.

To know is not to know.

Not to know is to know.

That's what the Upanishads say, and they say it rightly.

I cannot see, but I can cry,

I can again be a child.

Only very few people have known such a vastness.

SESSION 3

This is rare. This is for what we are searching, seeking, wanting, everywhere else.

This is the end.

You can go anywhere, to the church, to the mosque, to the temple, but wherever you go you do not reach the whole. This is so beautiful. I feel so good.

Actually, oxygen and nitrogen are basic elements of existence. They can be of much use, but for reasons the politicians have been against chemicals of all kinds, all drugs. The very word drug has become dangerous. They are so against drugs because people can come to know themselves, and when people come to know themselves politicians lose their power over them -and they love their power.

In the Vedas they call it soma, the essence, and since those ancient days until today, all those who know have recognized, either directly or indirectly, that chemicals can be of immense service to man. Man is chemistry, so is existence. All is chemistry. We cannot avoid its influence.

Let Devageet write his notes, but on his other side the woman knows, but the man writes. The one who knows always remains silent. Neither the Gita nor The Bible are written by men who know. Those who know are silent, and the ones who do not know talk about it. About and about and about, round and around, turning around and around but he never comes to a real stop. And I am really stopped.

In me the existence has stopped.

In me also the woman knows.

It is the man who speaks.

The woman remains silent.

Just because of the eloquence of his words man has dominated; otherwise he knows nothing. The same is true for me too....

The woman knows,
is soaring high above the clouds,
leaving the man to talk.

Buddha says charaiveti, charaiveti.
Go on, go on,
there are no limits.
We are not going anywhere.
We are here and now.

If we are in total intensity, in total sincerity, we are here and now. Then all is achieved. It is so close that we need not go anywhere, but just relax. Relaxation is the peak. If you can relax utterly and remain aware, then there are no holds, no hindrances, but gaps. The gaps are immense, you can use them as stepping stones towards God. I am here, so no need to be afraid. I am absolutely unafraid. I have transformed your room into a Noah's Ark. It is so and it will always remain so. The Upanishads have this prayer:

"O Lord, take us from darkness to light,
from untruth to truth,
from death to deathlessness...."

This, this is for what they are praying.

The word in Sanskrit is prah, from which the Hindi prarthana comes. Excuse me, for a moment I fell into an old habit, because English to me is still a foreign language. It can never be very close to me. Although I have spoken millions of words in English it still doesn't mean it is close to my heart. It is my only foreign language, but my real language is the language of silence, and "prayer" in Sanskrit comes closest.

Yes, Sanskrit comes closest... Hebrew a little, but no modern language.... English particularly does not come close; in fact it has gone the farthest. It is not their fault. It is the language for measurement and technical accuracy. They have to make it a reality, a reality of technology, of science. So don't be worried if I halted in saying 'prayer'.

Don't be worried about my language, my grammar. I am not a man of language, not a logician at all. I am a man of silence who only speaks out of necessity... of necessity because nobody speaks the language of the Real. Everybody speaks of everything else, endlessly about everything except the Real. Hence I have to speak. In the whole world there are very few who know, who can understand, who can speak of the Real.

All the great speakers are deaf. I am not a great speaker but I am certainly deaf. But what is happening now is so very beautiful I don't want to hear anything. My consciousness is beyond, far away beyond the clouds. I can hear you saying, "Stop, the time is over." Time is never over, cannot be.

I can understand why Leonardo da Vinci is Leonardo; why Michelangelo is Michelangelo; why Rabindranath is Rabindranath; and Khalil Gibran is Khalil Gibran. They have all touched this beauty in their dreams. Yes, only in their dreams -- but they never knew the truth. What they knew was the object, but what I know is the knower... the subject, the Great Subjectivity... consciousness... Sat-Chit-Anand. I understand Truth -- Bliss -- Consciousness....

Open your wings,
there is nothing to fear,
nothing to lose.
Just be open to the sun,
the stars....

Don't be afraid. I am always in favor of danger, and this is dangerous because you are on the very verge of consciousness. This is the time you want to stop, but this is the time I want you to go on, because danger is beautiful, you cannot have too much. But I see you are already going back, you are backing away. What is there to fear? Chemistry is there, the body is there; I can talk -- what does it matter if I am not in the body? One man is not important... but what I am saying matters. What I am saying will remain, it will stay; it is of the essence. I don't matter. What matters is what I am saying. If the time is over, okay, but five minutes for my silence.... I was just trying to feel the chair, because I am so in the sky, to be in this chair at the same time is wonderful. I am not joking. I have never joked in my life. All those jokes... I have forgotten them. The word Bhagwan is a code word. It means nothing in itself. I have given it the meaning, the blessed one, but it means nothing. But wherever I am, I will come back whenever you use this word bhagwan. I will always be there when you say, "Bhagwan." Thank you all.

SESSION 4

Now is always my time.
The world is left behind.
I'm in the clouds.
It is dangerous
but don't be afraid,
I am awake.

Don't be cowardly, that is the only hindrance for knowing the truth. One needs to dare to know; one needs to go into danger. You get afraid. You feel that I am going beyond the limits. But don't be afraid, I am already beyond limits. Danger is beautiful. I have known it in many ways. In almost fifty years I have lived five hundred years, because I have dared in many, many directions. Each danger was beautiful, an experience. What is danger? Do you think you know? I do not mean the dictionary sense of the word. Danger is when you are close to death, very close, so close that just a step more and you are finished... but only then you are.

When death is so close
being comes to its absolute flowering.

I can talk of life and death because they are one, and one can only talk of life if one knows death. A woman is never afraid. When a woman becomes afraid she becomes a lady. I hate ladies; they stink! Especially English ladies, they are the ladyest of all ladies. But who cares at moments of beatitude.... Ashu, never be a lady.

I am close to death -- that's the only way to bring me to myself, because death is where life goes on. Danger is beautiful, it is very beautiful. It is right on the heights; one wrong step and you are finished. That's why I love this chair: there are no steps. One can just relax. Death is so close you can touch it... it is tangible, touchable... like a beautiful woman, you would like to touch. Only then you know what is, what is-ness is. That is-ness is called God. It would have been better not to call it God, because the word god has become dirty. Is-ness is better.

It is the same is-ness
 in the flight of a bird
 in the shine of a star
 in the flame of a candle
 in the flowering of a flower.

Then it is not one thing; then it is a multi- splendored thing, a multi-phenomenon. Then existence is not one. Hence I use the word multi-existence, although grammarians will say it is wrong. To hell with them! -- it is the multi-is-ness of life that makes it a joy. Even Ashu is laughing. No need to hide, even laughter is a star. This is-ness cannot be worshipped. There is no way to worship it. It can only be lived, loved, danced, sung, but cannot be worshipped.

Just the other day Nirupa asked if she can go horse riding. I said, "No, because horses stink and you will come back stinking." She started crying like a child. Chetana came running to tell me Nirupa was crying with big, big tears running down. When Chetana came she said, "I am lost, what shall I do?"

I told her to tell Nirupa it is okay, she can go horse riding. Later Chetana said, "You are wonderful! When I told her, she immediately started laughing. Her tears just disappeared. Big, big tears just stopped. Incredible."

Life consists of such small things: tears... horse riding....

God is not to be worshipped, but lived.

Lived in small things...

drinking a cup of tea, or sitting doing
nothing.

Life is simply a song which is meaningless.

Let tears come into my eyes. Once in a while it is beautiful. One is renewed through tears, resurrected.

Remember, however hard I may appear, I am not. I am not a hard man...

I am as soft
as the newly growing grass,
as soft as the morning dew....
But let the dew appear in my eyes.
This is so beautiful.
Let me cry over this beauty.

Yes, these are the heights I have been inviting everyone to. These are the heights of the Vedas, of The Bible, the Koran; in short this is Allah. That's the Sufi expression; it simply means God willing.

We have not created this world. How can we create the stars? It is not possible for us, so Sufis say Allah -- God willing... and there is no God. There is no person called God, just a presence. If you want to feel it then feel it right now....

God is pouring,
showering,
raining,
and there is no umbrella.

It is good to have the woman on the left side. The right hand is connected to the left side of the brain. It is useful for being mathematical or technical... Devaraj and Devageet. The left hand is connected to the right brain... musicians, dancers, painters, sculptors, all that is beautiful. The woman is on the left side. Hence in the East the woman is always on her husband's left side, she always stands on the left. It is a reminder to herself, and also to her husband.

Who can hear a woman? Only a man of meditation, a man of silence. Reason is impossible with a woman, only meditation.... Unless people learn to meditate they will not learn to live together. Men and women only fight. Even if you are just throwing clothes at each other it is not love, and this continues for twenty-four hours every day, goes on and on. One's whole life becomes a hell.

But meditation is magic. It can transform the ordinary into the extraordinary. One cannot find words to describe it... poetry fades before it.

Poetry fails to describe it...
Music fails to describe it...
Everything fails to describe it...
Everything fails,
only silence....

Devageet, don't be afraid. I know you love me. Leave me alone while you write the notes.
Ashu and I can soar higher....
Go to the stars,
the rainbows,
to the world which is beyond...

which I cannot describe, nobody can describe. I am a madman. It is not easy to deal with me.

This is perfect.
This is transcendence.
This is sunrise.
It is... it is no more there.

Let the stars dance.

O it is so good
the source of everything great
where everything great
is born...
Michelangelo, Dostoevsky....

Yes! This is it!

SESSION 5

I have never worked. I am not a worker. I have simply enjoyed, enjoyed life to its limits, each moment of it.

The ancient pond
A frog jumps in
Plop!

There are ripples and ripples in the ancient pond....

The small pond
The frog jumped
Plop!

The circle is complete. Only the circle is perfect. Only the circle can know perfection. Pythagoras knew it, hence he became so hypnotized by circles. All those who have known, have known the circle is the only perfect thing in existence. The village where I was born was exactly eighteen miles from the highway. It was a poor village, could not afford rich hills. It had a small pond. Frogs must have jumped in, but I was not aware of Basho then. Now I can see the point. I can see the ripples in the pond, and the silence... utter silence. That is rare on the earth. I have stopped speaking to the masses because to speak to the crowd means to come down. Now I can only speak to the individual, to those who are close to me. And words are only gestures. Ordinarily words become things -- even God becomes a thing. Thousands worship things. But God is not a thing; you cannot make an image of God. God is all things together. He is the very togetherness. He is apart from this, but in it.

The god of the philosophers is certainly dead forever. Churches, mosques, temples are empty... that god is dead. But the real God is not dead. So Nietzsche is also not true, nor Russell, nor Sartre. The real God is the Real, the very essence, the togetherness.

From the smallest to the biggest,
from the meaningless
to the meaningful,
from the cry of a child
to the verses of Kabir,
from doodling to painting,
from those who know
to those who don't know,
He is the bridging.

At this moment, at this very moment, I am simply aware of this. It is worship, but one can love it... one can touch it... one can hold it in one's hands, one can feel its texture.

It is beautiful that the god of the philosophers is dead. I am a brigand. To be with me is to be a brigand, to be a Zorba and a Buddha at the same time. My vision is the vision of the ultimate unity between the Epicurean and the ascetic, between the materialist and the spiritualist. I do not belong to any category, I am a class unto myself.

This is so beautiful, and I mean so prayerful, so worshipful. When I say it is beautiful I am saying that nothing can be said about it. I am just pointing my finger to the moon, but my finger is not the moon.

There are moments when one cannot remain silent. One cannot say much, but one wants to share it, express it. Nobody till now has ever been able to say what it is... neither has anybody ever been able to resist trying to say.

I have been continuously speaking for twenty-five years and only being misunderstood. Hence I have moved from the masses, but for the chosen few I am always available.

I hear Ashu's giggle. She remains a lady, what a pity. Next to me, by my side, she remains a ladyship. Laugh, don't giggle. Laugh so the stars fall. At least this house can fall. Don't be afraid, we are going high. I say "we" knowingly because I am pulling you. We are going high, every moment higher and higher. If I stop speaking that simply means I am in such awe that I can only say ahhh! Life's greatest song, of such transcendental beauty that it cannot be sung.

Rabindranath, India's greatest poet, wrote six thousand poems. When he was dying a friend asked him, "Good God! Why are you crying?" A tear comes to my own eyes that he was crying, even at the age of eighty years. One thinks a man should be sober, be serious, that death must be accepted, especially in India. The friend said, "God has given you such great talent. You have sung six thousand songs yet you are crying?"

Rabindranath said, just as I myself am saying with tears in my eyes, "That is why I am crying. Those six thousand songs are all efforts, but failures. The unsung has remained missing. I am weeping and crying, and asking God to help me a little more. Maybe I can succeed a little more next time. And you are telling me not to cry.... These are my last breaths...." And with tears in his eyes he died.

What a beautiful death -- and a beautiful life too. And what courage to say, "The song has remained unsung," even after being a Nobel prize winner.

I cannot say what I am seeing... I cannot describe it. It is going to be a failure, but there is nothing to be worried about. It is better to fail before great beauty than not to try at all.

I see the clouds being left behind,
mountain peaks being left behind,
everything left behind....
This is the way of godliness,
this is existence,
paganism.

I love beauty,
I love the world,
flowers, trees, stars....
I love, simply love.

But I am not just a Zorba, I am also aware of my love, even in these moments when my body feels like something far away... just somebody else's body.
I have sat by the side of many corpses, it is not the same. I am aware. I am not dead. I cannot be dead, that is impossible.

I am eternal.
The very essence of the eternal...
THAT.

You are,
everything is.
Nothing dies.
Everything continues in a different form, but higher.
The moment you go lower it is hell. It is not good, it is ugly. It is very difficult to find a great word for "very deep"... how is it possible? There are so many words coming but none expresses it. It simply cannot be said. At the most you can share. But this is so beautiful, so beautiful. Go every day higher. These are the moments when even the sky is new.

The stars are reborn because my eyes are new.
Chemistry can give you a bath. Everybody needs it... the Christians, the Hindus, the Buddhists need to be bathed, showered, so they can again become new, just like small babies... fresh, innocent, available, wonderers, full of awe.
It must be difficult listening to a man like me twice each day. It allows me a chance to share my vision. But I cannot share it in words. My tears show it. I cannot say it.

I cannot hear anything.
Everyone is so full of bullshit.
I don't want to hear.
I can relax again
and face the rainbows.

This is the very essence of poetry.
This is the moment
when Jesus delivered his parables,
particularly
The Sermon on the Mount.
It was spoken
at such a moment.

It does not mean that it was spoken from a mountain, but from a very great height; from this height. Only from this height is it possible to speak of truth and beauty. This is the beauty. This is the moment, the very moment that great riches are created. You are so close to that moment... but so far. It is there within you; whenever you dive within yourself you can reach. But I don't want in any way to interfere with your life.... In fifteen minutes I can produce a sermon on the mount. This moment is true enough. What should I speak of? I am not asking you, I am asking this beatitude surrounding me....

What should I speak of O Lord?
Of Beauty?
Of Bliss?
Of Silence...?

There is so much to say but it all comes to the same. Whether it is joy, beauty, silence, it means the same -- silence....

My only experience is that of such great silence that in it even I am not... only silence prevails... I mean infinitely, without an end, without limits.

Words -- they can do much, but not much really. If one remains beyond then one has lost words.

Chemistry is a byproduct of alchemy. Alchemy was just an effort to hide the truth of meditation from the priests and the popes. Behind its facade was nothing but pure religiousness. In this Noah's Ark it is the very essence of Truth, Beauty, Consciousness... and Beauty is the last, the ultimate prayer.

If there is still time I can still sing one song more. My song may not be much, just a birdsong, maybe less, but who cares when it comes to singing a birdsong! It may be just colors, but the colors of a rainbow.

My fingers? -- don't worry, it's an old habit. I am trying to use my fingers, my hands when I speak. The habit comes because words cannot say it. Just a gesture, even a simple finger can say more. Hands are so eloquent.

I want to remember humanity like this. It is so difficult to come back from the heights, to be back in the body... so it takes a little time. Please forgive me.

SESSION 6

Good, this is what I mean by being unmiserly. Mind is always miserly, is always a cheat. It cannot be otherwise. Mind always tries to limit, to stop, because it is possible to control the limited. One should give totally in everything, then one can know the is-ness of life. It is the very spirit of living... not great nor holy, not the other chaining the other.

I have been leading a revolution, not of gradualness -- so once in a while be fearless. And remember, with me there is no danger. I have nothing to lose, I have lost everything. I have nothing more to lose because now I have only that which cannot be lost -- ever. The Upanishads sing, "Take us beyond the deathless...." Who can do it for you? It is futile. Only you yourself can go; nobody can take you, only you. The Upanishads go on, but it is only beautiful words. Words are words; howsoever beautiful, they are empty, they can never contain the poetry, they never contain the essence.

"O Lord,
take us from untruth to truth...."

But how can anybody take you from the untruth? You are clinging to it. Nobody is holding you to it, you are clinging; it is in your hatred, your anger, your jealousy, your miserliness. Who can take you beyond it except your understanding of it? I emphasize, only understanding is the way. It is not a road ready-made for you. You have to make it. You have to make it, and you have to make it by living it. There is no other method. You have never been in this isness before. This is rare.

The Himalayas are full of snow, pure whiteness, pure innocence, purity. That's what the word snow-white represents; that is my color. Orange is the color of my disciples, the color of sunrise. My color is white, and can only be white, because white contains all the other colors. It is all; it is one.

You have to listen to me, absolutely. It is a one-way affair: I say, and you listen... I order you. There is no other way. When I am working on your soul, do not disturb me.

Look: I am a poor man, the poorest, but also the richest poor man, if such a thing is possible. I have everything that no king on earth has. Napoleon and Alexander must be jealous... they must be.

So listen and don't try to say anything to me, because whatever you say is bullshit! As far as I am concerned I simply want to be myself. One day what I am saying here, in the privacy of your Noah's Ark, will have to be declared, but wait.

All that is great comes from here.
All that has splendor comes from here. All that is
beautiful comes from here....

I am afraid that even my fingers may not be able to say what I want.

I love to be on these peaks. I love the heights. This beauty, this is sundram. This is something that I can only explain to my lovers. It is beautiful. This is not a story, it is not a novel, it is reality. My tear is a proof. Truth has to be proved by one's tears, by one's existence, by one's way of living.

A scientist cannot be generous. He has to take care, he has to be the calculator, the cautious... but again his left side is taking over. Ashu is winning. This is a polar alignment. Devageet, the man, to the right; the woman, Ashu, to the left. This is not accidental. No man can be on the left, only a woman, because only a woman can be on the left; only a woman because only a woman can connect with me from the left side.

Man is just this poor right hand -- workable, usable, technical, but otherwise of no use. The right side has no poetry, so man should remain on the right; then he is right. When he tries to be on the left he is wrong.

Don't be afraid that I am going mad or something -it is impossible. How can a madman go mad again? Impossible! So with me you can be absolutely fearless.

Just like a flower...
a flower,
the bees are buzzing around it.

That is what happens around me:

The flower opens
and the bees start coming
and singing.

When I see that you are going mad I will stop. Till then let the flower grow and the birds sing. I am a little crazy. Everyone knows it so no need to worry.

Ahhhh the flowers...
the birds... the bees...
I love it all.
Nothing can harm me,
not even death.
Now, now... it is immense!
The very grandeur of it...
the grace of it...
I am afraid to say so....

I hear your giggles. I am afraid my body may not be able to express it. For twenty-five years I have been speaking, and with a wrong pronunciation. Who cares? What matters is the heights from which I am speaking. Why are you in a hurry? You are hurrying to nowhere. Call everyone here.

If there is time to relax... let me relax once in a while. I should check whether you are conscious or not. Never be afraid, even if I die at this moment, because I'll be dying with all my blessings, all my joy, whether expressed or not.

Devageet seems to be a little shaky, even more than me when I walk. Have you seen me walking? It is so difficult for me, but as far as the heights are concerned, I can fly.

I am such a devil! I have always been a devil!

SESSION 7

This is good.
Now take off.
Leave the earth behind.
Go towards the skies,
to the stars.

Go on and on....

Light does not disturb me. I am facing thousands of suns so you cannot disturb me at all. Nor the noise. The whole marketplace is around me all the time, so your noise is not disturbing at all.

It is rare... it is beautiful to come so close to beauty, to come so close that there is just a thin veil and nothing else but beauty. The beauty of the beautiful... it is just like a wave in the ocean

Or like the rainbow....

It is not material.

It is immaterial.

I like this light, it is good. It is something like what I am facing. I am facing such tremendous light... this is nothing. I am facing so much music I am almost drowned in it. To be close to beauty is to be close to death. I cannot forget that. I have been close to death again and again. I have been coming close to death many times in my life, knowingly. You may not know but we have faced death infinite times, but with such fear we have not seen its beauty; otherwise death is another name for God. I am amazed nobody has said it yet. It is another name for God, for light, for joy, for beauty.

So I go on and on,
into myself.

Deep into the beyond,
and the beyond is all there is.

All else is going to disappear.

Only that which is beyond
will remain forever.

I am talking of the beyond.

From the beyond it is difficult. It has always been difficult. No language has words for it, particularly English. I am not against the English language. I love it for many reasons; it is accurate, more accurate than other languages. For that reason it is difficult. It is good for science, for technology, but not for religion.

Vivek calls your notes "The Ramblings of a Madman"... written by a madman, but not ramblings. If I am mad, then who is sane? If I am mad then who can say he is not mad? Nixon? Who can claim sanity? This poor earth is full of mad men, so I appear to be mad. A sane man among the insane always appears so.

There is a beautiful story by Khalil Gibran which I have always loved:

There was an ancient town ruled by a well-loved king and queen. Into the only well -- except that for the sole use of the king and queen and their prime minister -- a magician throws a potion. The magician declares, "Whoever drinks the water will go mad." Obviously, except for the king and queen and the prime minister, the whole town goes mad. They had to drink from that well, and they all went mad. Except for the king, the queen and the prime minister, they all go mad.

All the mad townspeople are gathered around the palace shouting against the king and saying, "The king has gone mad. We don't want a mad king."

The king asked his chief minister what to do. The minister must have been a wise man, not like politicians today, a man of insight, not elected but chosen by the wise. He said, "I will keep the crowd happy for a time. You run to the town's well and drink deeply. Drink deeply. Get drunk on it. Then come back and all will be right."

The king soon returns, but entering through the front door naked, singing, dancing... singing songs of ecstasy he dances with the crowd. The king's dance convinces the crowd of his sanity. They declare him sane. They recrown him. They rejoice. They celebrate his return to sanity.

I am surrounded by madmen. I am in a whole world of madmen. Certainly I will look mad... mad, even to my own people.

I have not shouted for twenty-five years. I have spoken with a microphone. But just for your sake I say, "Shut Up!" -- not for you but for the fool within you. For you I have nothing but tears... and joy... and prayer. Look, my tear is coming. It comes in the left eye, it is joined to the right brain, like the left hand.

The right side of the brain is right. When I say, "Right is right and left is wrong," it refers only to the brain. The body is just the opposite: right is wrong and left is right. If you want to see the tear you will need to come to the left side.

It is beautiful to cry for someone. To have a tear for someone is far more beautiful than to be joyous. It is like a shower; it is as if in the middle of the night the sun has risen. I will not say anything, I will only keep silent.

Arise! Ascend! Awaken!

These are words to be understood. And I am not a preacher -- preaching is dirty. I am a lover.

At least I cannot go mad. And I am not going to die at this moment. I have a few more strange things to do yet.

I was saying before that English is not the language to express It. It is too technical, too accurate. English can give good scientists to the world but not mystics. I am really a mystic, a mystic in a world of scientists... high beyond the stars.

Thank you. I always want to say the last word myself. Even in my grave I will sit up and say, "Okay, close it." If it is a funeral... but if it is done as it is in India, I will say, "Okay, start the fire!" But I want to have the last word. If you bug me I can be terrible. It is I who is going to have the last laugh.

Notes of a Madman

Series #2

Chapter title: None

1984 in Lao Tzu Grove

Archive code: 8400000

ShortTitle: NOTES02

Audio: No
Video: No

SESSION 1

Om Mani Padme Hum

The Tibetans have got a mantra... Om Mani Padme Hum. The Lotus and the Jewel both together. It must have originated at a moment like this.

Om Mani Padme Hum

Om is simply an exclamation, it simply means "Ahhh!" or "Oohhh!" It is not a word, it is meaningless, but tremendously meaningful too. Meaningful in the sense of its beauty, its joy, its depth... Om....

I am reminded of Basho, old Basho. Whenever I remember the Japanese haiku poet tears start coming. Basho is one of the greatest men, or saints, whichever you prefer. To me they are the same: the ancient-born. And that sound -- oohhhh, that sound -- is Om. That sound... the frog jumps into the pond:

The ancient pond
The frog jumps in
Plop!

Om Mani Padme Hum... The Jewel in the Lotus.... I am soaking in the pond. It is so beautiful.

Om Mani Padme Hum

Before birth I was okay.
After death too I will be okay.
In life the same okay continues.
And the okay is perfect.

Dogen sings in a haiku -- Dogen is a saint....

Coming
Going away
The waterfowl
leaves no trace behind
Nor it needs a guide

Om Mani Padme Hum.

So beautiful... so tremendous... I am in the land of the buddhas. Again I can utter nonsense, because only nonsense can become poetry.
The other day, Devageet, I saw that you were a little hurt again because I called you a fool. Please try to understand the language of a madman. If you want to understand the

meaning of the word fool read The Prince by Dostoevsky, or even better, Mikhail Naimy's book, The Book of Mirdad. It is incomparable. Each word is pure understanding, so sweet. Particularly because, as you know, I suffer from diabetes. The Book of Mirdad is good for all sufferers from diabetes because it is so sweet even though there is no sugar in it.

The Book of Mirdad talks about the fool -- fool simply means the simple, the childlike, the innocent. This is why the other day I called you a fool, with great love. I can call anybody a fool only when I love them; otherwise I am very respectful to the real fools. Then I say "sir".... I called you a fool because I love you. Whenever I call you a fool, rejoice, utterly rejoice, rejoice totally. Only then you will be able to understand. Om... ahhh! This is the very beginning of the world. Nobody has created it as the Christians think. They think that God created it. God has done nothing. God is the very existence, not a creator. God is the very creativity that pervades everything.

God is,
even today,
this very moment,
creating.

Wherever there are devils in creation, there is God. I am seeing what must have been the very beginning. Nothing can be more beautiful, more pure, more musical... just pure music, just pure poetry.... Just the pureness of all that is good, all that is beautiful....

Om Mani Padme Hum

This mantra has been chanted for thousands of years in Tibet, but it can only be chanted in Tibet because they alone know the great height, the purity of the Himalayas; the purity which nobody else can know. Tibet is the only country in the world to come closest to religion. It is unfortunate, most unfortunate that Tibet is now in the hands of the communists; they are destroying it.

This is the very essence, the ultimate good. The Book of Mirdad must have been conceived in such moments. There are very few books which have been conceived in such moments: Lao Tzu's Tao Te Ching....

Don't be worried about time. Can you ever be freed from all worries, just like me... free from all concerns? Yes, I know you can -- one day you will be. But for the moment, I am a madman and you are a fool; what a strange combination...!

Om Mani Padme Hum
Om Mani Padme Hum
Om Mani Padme Hum
Om Mani Padme Hum

Now I am only concerned with beauty, that is why I am mad. Just in this beatitude, if you can imagine... it is so beautiful. I know the origin, I recognize it immediately....

The tears in my eyes
are good, so good.

The roses are blooming,
the birds are singing again,
and these fools don't know....

When there are words, nobody expects words and flowers to be together. You must think that I am talking nonsense. It is impossible for me to go out of my mind -- I cannot. I go out but I have no mind. I am a madman not a fool. I am such a height that to even say anything is difficult....

Om Mani Padme Hum....

SESSION 2

Om Mani Padme Hum
The Jewel in the Lotus

I know you find it difficult to follow the word chawal. It should be properly pronounced, but I'm not a proper man. It should be pronounced jew-el, but I pronounce it cha-wal. I pronounce it phonetically. English is illogical; it is written in one way and spoken in another. My difficulty is that I have lived and been brought up using languages which are phonetic, which are written and spoken exactly the same. English is a little bit crazy. If Jesus could have read his words in the modern English version he would have beaten his head, he would have wept. He had said on the cross, "Father, forgive these people" -- the people who were crucifying him -- "because they know not what they are doing." But I know perfectly well that seeing the English version he would not have said this. Impossible. Jesus spoke Aramaic, which is still spoken by a few people in the East. Gurdjieff had come in contact with those few people, and whatsoever Gurdjieff had said about Jesus is not from the modern English version of the New Testament, it is from those few people. He had heard the stories from those people. Those stories have been passed by word of mouth.

Aramaic is a primitive language; hence it has the poignancy, the beauty, which only a forest can have and never a Victorian English garden. It is impossible for a Victorian English garden. It is a pity to see trees pruned and cut according to measurement.

Jesus never knew what was going to happen to him, that he would be translated. No master can be translated. From Aramaic he was translated into Hebrew. Much was lost because he was fighting against those Jews, and when they translated him into Hebrew, in that very translation Jesus was lost.

Then he was translated into Greek. Perversion from perversion! Aramaic to Hebrew, Hebrew into Greek. Then he was translated into Roman. The very perversity - because the Jews and the Romans were the people who had killed him. And from Latin, that is Roman, he was translated into English. Still, the old English translation is far more beautiful, far more significant. The more modern it becomes, the less it contains, the more ugly it becomes.

Fortunately I was born to primitive people, in a village, uneducated. For nine years I remained uneducated. What a blessing! No modern child can afford it. It is against the law. You have to go to school. For nine years I was absolutely free from all education. It

is because of that I could penetrate the ultimate, that I could come into contact with the unknown. Those nine years were beautiful, immensely beautiful. No education, no discipline, no morality.

From my earliest years I was brought up, again fortunately, by my grandfather, my mother's father, not by my father. A father is bound to be a disciplinarian, because he is bound to be concerned about the future. My grandfather, maternal grandfather remember... because my father's father was a totally different man. My mother's father had no other child. My mother was the only child, and once my mother was married he showered all his love on me. I lived like a king. He used to call me Raja. Nobody has called me that since. Raja means the king.

Although my grandfather was not very rich, he was the richest man in his village. On each of my birthdays he would bring an elephant. I would sit on the elephant and throw coins all around. That was his great joy. In his days there were golden coins, not paper notes. That's what I have been doing my whole life: throwing golden coins all along. I am still throwing, sitting on an elephant....

So when I say something and you do not understand, please forgive me. I come from a totally different context. I am really a foreigner. In my own country I am a foreigner. My whole vision is in a way primitive, and in a way original. Original means primitive, of the origins.

This morning I said, "the chawal in the lotus." I know the right pronunciation, but what to do with a wrong man? -- I will still pronounce it in my way. Coming in I asked Vivek, "What is the right pronunciation, 'jewel'?" I can easily understand jewelry, jeweler, jewel, but forgive me... I will say "the chawal and the lotus."

I am a little bit stubborn, my type of people have always been so. If they are not stubborn they cannot work. To work with stupid people you have to be stubborn, really hard, steel hard.

And this beautiful mantra, Om Mani Padme Hum, has been translated by the English fools. It seems unimaginable, but it has been translated. Even you will be shocked... they think it is something sexual! They think the mani represents the male sexual organ -- look at the perversity of the so-called great psychologists - - and the lotus represents the female sexual organ! Now, you cannot make the meaning that they make of it.... Om Mani Padme Hum means to them male human organ into female human organ. Great! Great discovery! And these fools are thought to be scientists, biologists, psychologists, and all kinds of things, but they are just imbeciles, idiots.

I should not use the same word, fool, for them. They are not ordinary fools, they are idiots. An idiot is a fool who cannot be cured. A fool is an idiot who is already on the path to recovery. But I cannot call these people fools; they are idiots.

This morning, talking about Dostoevsky's book I called it The Prince. Forgive me, it is not titled The Prince; that is my own title for it, on my own book. I have titled it The Prince but the printed title is The Idiot. I avoided mentioning the word idiot this morning because I wanted to make the distinction. The idiot is incurable. The fool is available, ready, ready to change. The idiot is hard, very hard. For anything to penetrate into the head of an idiot is impossible. An idiot's head is covered with steel, nothing can penetrate him. That is why I called the book The Prince.

I also remembered Mikhail Naimy's book The Book of Mirdad. That book is just unbelievable. I feel jealous of only one man, Mikhail Naimy. Jealous not in the ordinary

sense, because I cannot feel jealous in that sense; jealous in the sense that he has written it already, otherwise I would write it. I would have written it... it is of the same heights I am flying to.

From these heights I can see the whole existence as a play, as celebration, without any reason or rhyme, without any meaning. Yes, that's what I would like you to know too. People celebrate Christmas; they should celebrate all the year round. To celebrate only once in a while simply shows that your life is not a life of celebration, it is not a joy. Everyone can go mad except me because I am already mad. I have been mad for almost one fourth of a century, and if you all help me I may make the century. I can make it... not on my own; on my own I am just Humpty Dumpty, but if you all help me I can make the century very easily. My father lived seventy-five years; my father's father, eighty; my father's father's father, ninety. Why can't I beat them in this race? If you all put your energies together you can help a buddha make millions of buddhas in the world. I am mad; otherwise just to think of one buddha is enough, and I always think of millions of buddhas. Less than that is not enough. I always think big. We have to create millions of buddhas, only then a new man can be born. Only then can we make Christians disappear and Christs appear. The beginning of the buddhas will be the death of the Buddhists. I am a beginning and also an end.

I am an end... end in the sense that after me there can be no Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism. After me there is no possibility of any ideology. With me ends the old and begins the new -the New Man. Man with no ideology, no religion, no philosophy, no concept to live, but only a joy to live, a celebration.

This is the place spoken of in Jonathan Livingston Seagull, spoken of by Khalil Gibran in The Prophet. It is so tremendously beautiful I would like to dance... so beautiful. I would like to be a Baul again. Yes, in one of my lives, not in this life of course, I was a Baul, a mad singer playing an ektara.

You have never been here, but I know you can go a little further. How do I know? I am a con-man. You cannot con me. I have conned so many con-men.

Even when I can no longer hear a man, I can hear a woman. This is strange but it is so... because as you go higher the male is left behind, but the female is heard; in fact can be heard only then. Before that who hears a woman? Who hears a wife? That is one of the reasons why I have chosen the women to lead my whole organization, and not the man. I am a man and it would have been logical to choose other men, as it has always been done. Lao Tzu chose Chuang Tzu to be his successor. Chuang Tzu was beautiful, I have nothing against him....

Again, Jesus chose the twelve disciples, and among those twelve there was not a single woman. And yet on the cross when he was dying only three women were there. There was Magdalena... yes, I call her Magdalena, not Magdalene, because Magdalene looks less feminine than Magdalena. I have named some houses in the ashram after Magdalena. Sheela was asking me, "Isn't the real name Magdalene, not Magdalena?" I said, "Don't be worried about the real. What I say, follow it."

Magdalena was there. Mary, Jesus' mother was there, and Magdalena's sister was there. All the so-called apostles were absent. But still Jesus chose Peter to be his successor. Lao Tzu was at least right in choosing Chuang Tzu even though Chuang Tzu was a man. But Jesus was not right in choosing Peter.... As you can see, my eyes, my ears and my hands are all so full of Jesus.

Your laughter is so good, so beautiful.
Flowers are made of it.
Stars are born out of it.
Love is only a fragrance
of this flower.
Can there be
so much
goodness...?

I am such a con-man. Even my ears are trained, they hear only what they want to hear. My eyes are trained, they see only what they want to see -- for the simple reason that I want to live the way I want. I have always lived according to my own way, right or wrong, I don't care. If there is a God, and I have to face him, he will have to answer to me, not me answer to him.

I have lived my own way. I am not answerable to anybody. When you live according to somebody else you are always confused, and answerable to them; always trying to fulfill their expectations. I don't expect anything from anybody, nor do I want anybody to expect from me. Freedom is my slogan. It is freedom that brings truth.

J. Krishnamurti's first book is called *The First and Last Freedom*. In fact after that he has not said anything new. That book contains his testament; since then he has been dead. It happens to many people. Khalil Gibran died at the age of eighteen when he wrote *The Prophet*. In fact he lived many, many years afterwards and wrote many books, but *The Prophet* remains unsurpassed.

Krishnamurti's title is good: *The First and Last Freedom*. What is the first and last freedom? To be oneself, totally, utterly, without any consideration for any consequences. Gurdjieff used to say, "Do not consider others...." It is absolutely right. The moment you consider others you are no more yourself. But to live in freedom is difficult too because you have to live with people who are full of expectations, and they are very touchy! If their expectations are not fulfilled they are miserable, and the miserable create misery for you, they cannot do otherwise. You can only give that which you have, and they have only misery.

So I say do not consider, let the world go on its way, you move on your own.

When you are yourself,
there is truth,
there is beauty,
there is grace,
there is ecstasy.
Om Mani Padme Hum

This mantra is tremendously powerful. Thousands of years and millions of people chanting it have made it so sharp, so penetrating, that just to repeat it again and again can create all the chemistry:

Om Mani Padme Hum

SESSION 3

Om Mani Padme Hum

IT IS AN AMAZING THING that all religions of the world agree on the sound of the soundless sound, OM. That's the only agreement between all religions, and there are three hundred religions. Why? Why do they all agree only on this point? They agree because when you come to such a height you hear it... it resounds all over... vibrates... OM....

Om Mani Padme Hum

Om is the most significant sound ever uttered by man.

Om Mani Padme Hum

Om Mani Padme Hum....

I love this mantra. I love no other mantra like it because there is none parallel to it. There cannot be. No other people have touched these heights continuously for hundreds of years. Don't look at my legs, and my toe....

The foolish toe,
what does it know;
it is not the Tao
it is only a toe.

I know the worry is because of your love for me. But don't take indications from toes. Listen to the whole. I cannot be harmed. I am beyond harm. Nothing can be taken away from me. I cannot lose anything. What a grandeur! To be in a state of not losing anything because you don't have anything. I live like a king; in fact no king has ever lived like me. I can truly say what I mean and mean what I say. I am beyond the clouds, in open sky,

unlimited,
unbounded.

I am not saying anything of the ego. It is just a joy. I rejoice in my people, that's what I mean when I say I am proud. I am not comparing with anything, because there are not other people on the earth to whom my people can be compared. It is a rare moment in the history of humanity that only my people are the religious people.

The bureaucracy, the government, the politics, the stupidity... they are synonymous in my language. They may not be synonyms in the dictionary, but I don't have a dictionary any more. For the past few months now I have not read any book. I have stopped reading for the simple reason that what is beautiful has already been understood. Now it is pointless to read. I don't even read the Vedas, the Bible, the Koran. There is nothing that can be added to my experience, so I have stopped. Why waste your vision, your eyesight? It is not worth it.

When my doctors started saying that if I still wanted to study I would have to use spectacles, I said, "To hell with all books, because I hate spectacles." I hate all kinds of specs because they obstruct, they come in between. I want things face to face, directly, immediate. So I have stopped reading books. And the library is so rich, and so big, containing all that is great. But it no longer matters to me, I have gone beyond the words. I am not silent because I don't want to say anything to you, but because what I see is really spellbinding. It is really... this is the moment when one says, "Aahhh!" and this is the meaning of Om. But you have to experience it; you have to live it. There is no other way to know it. To be is to know. To be is the only way -- Tao, the way. Tao does not mean anything else, it simply means the way to be poetic again, to be a singer again, a Baul, a dancer, a mad dancer -- because if when you dance you take care of your steps, then it is not a real dance. When all is forgotten, the steps and all, when only the dance remains, the whirling -- the whirling Jalaluddin Rumi knew -- just the whirling.... Twelve hundred years ago Rumi created the whirling dervishes, the dancing Sufis. He himself danced for thirty-six hours! I am a simple man. This is so beautiful.... Basho where are you? Come write again... paint... Basho, again say:

The ancient pond
A frog jumps
and the silence... Om
Om Mani Padme Hum.

This is beauty...

Beauty,
and beauty is God.
I am facing God.
I am touching him.
So immensely vast.
Om Mani Padme Hum
Om Mani Padme Hum

At this moment I can create Tolstoy... Dostoevsky... Leonardo... Turgenev... Lao Tzu... Chuang Tzu... Buddha... Mahakashyap... Bodhidharma... Kabir... Jesus

The silence is so beautiful.
There are beauties and beauties
on every plane,
on every level.
Even in the mud a lotus can flower.

Om Mani Padme Hum.

SESSION 4
Om Mani Padme Hum

I can repeat this mantra forever. Its beauty is such and you are so deaf that it has to be repeated again and again. Truth by its very necessity has to be repeated, because those who are hearing are not hearing. They have lost that sensitivity, that receptivity. So I will go on repeating this mantra. The day I see that it has penetrated to your unconscious, beyond you, within you, where right now you cannot reach... but I can.... The moment I see it has reached, the seed has found its soil, I will say it no more. That will be the end of the series.

Om Mani Padme Hum...
Om Mani Padme Hum.

Just the vibe of it is thrilling, tremendously thrilling, just overwhelming; one is drowned in it.

This mantra was not composed by a poet. Poets can say beautiful things but those beautiful things are sweet nothings. This mantra was conceived, not composed, conceived just as a woman conceives a child, conceived by the mystics. The mystic is always feminine, that's why I call the male part of you the fool. But don't be offended; I love your heart, your feminine part. Only the feminine can be loved. The male, the masculine, is unlovable; it can be used, it is a good mechanic, technician, scientist, mathematician, but never a mystic.

The moment you become a mystic, from he you become she. Now, it will look the very climax of absurdity to call Jesus she, Buddha she, Lao Tzu she. Nobody has called them that, but I have. I am determined to open all doors to all that has remained hidden. I am ready to take every risk. Jesus is a she, it cannot be otherwise. Only the heart knows. The mind can be knowledgeable but never knows.

This mantra, Om Mani Padme Hum, was conceived like a child, in the hearts of the mystics on the peaks of the Himalayas. The Himalayas are covered with snow from eternity; it has never melted. It has remained the same.

This mantra comes from Tibet, the hiddenmost part of the Himalayas. And on these heights I hear it: it is a sound like the sound of bees buzzing. And the humming is so beautiful. One cannot be grateful enough to the mystics who tried to make this humming sound into a mantra. Om Mani Padme Hum... aahhh, the Jewel in the Lotus.

I can hear the giggle of the fool, because I am still saying chawal. I will always say it. I stick to my ground right or wrong. I care for sincerity, authenticity. I am authentically myself. I feel if it is spelled j-e-w-e-l it should be pronounced chawal not jew- el. That is the wrong pronunciation -- according to me of course. Sooner or later you will have to make something like Osho-English. If there can be Indian- English, American-English, then why not Osho-English, with all its absurdities? I am laying the foundations for it.

Om Mani Padme Hum
When one lays foundations one should lay them religiously.

Om Mani Padme Hum

To be good with me is difficult. I called you the fool, and still you are nice to me. The fool... respectfool... and I will go on calling you the fool because I want to kill the fool, to crush the fool completely! I want you to be without it.

I am reminded, by the way, of thousands of Indian people around the world named Fooljan. Fool in the Indian language means flower. Now, when these people learn English and start writing their names they don't spell it as it should be, f-o-o-l; no, they have found a way, they spell their name p-h-o-o-l, Phooljan. But everybody is doing that, somehow hiding one's fool. But the more you hide it, the more you protect it, the more it is there. Leave it open to the winds and to the stars and to the sun and to the moon, and it will disappear. I want to kill it. If I ever wanted to kill anything it is the fool. But to kill a fool, I mean his foolishness.... I was afraid you might think, "A saint, and trying to kill something?"

In India saints don't even kill mosquitoes, they don't kill bedbugs. Bedbugs are okay, mosquitoes are okay, but the fool has to be killed. I am not violent, but with the fool I am. I am utterly violent with the fool. I want to cut off its head! That's why sometimes I am so bitterly and naturally misunderstood by the fools. I don't think any man has been misunderstood so much. I am blessed as far as that is concerned. I am the most misunderstood man. But it is nobody's fault, it is my own device. I am hitting the fools just exactly where it hurts, on their very skulls. And remember, I always carry the joke to its very end, the punch line!

There is an ancient story, the famous Zen story, The Ten Bulls of Zen. It is a pictorial story with ten picture cards, each card containing a phase of man and his evolution. The original pack consisted of only nine cards; the tenth was added by a madman like me. Everybody opposed him, everybody denounced him. He had to leave his country. He added the tenth picture, and the tenth picture is the most beautiful, the very culmination, the culmination of culmination itself.

In the first picture the bull is lost and the owner is searching for it.

In the second, he is looking everywhere and he cannot find it.

In the third, far, far away he can infer: "Perhaps that is my bull."

In the fourth he has actually seen the bull -- not the whole bull but just its tail.

In the fifth he has seen the whole bull.

In the sixth he has caught hold of the bull by its tail.

In the seventh the man has learned a lesson; he is holding the bull by the horns.

In the eighth he is riding on the bull.

In the ninth they have arrived home. The ninth has no picture, neither the bull nor its owner. That was the old pack. A madman like me added the tenth to those nine cards.

In the tenth the man is seen in the marketplace -not only seen but with a bottle of wine.

Now, no Buddhist can forgive it! Nobody thinking himself religious can forgive it!

That madman was thrown out of his country, but miraculously the tenth card has remained. Whatsoever is done by men like me... you may throw them out, you may kill them, you may crucify them, but what they do remains. You cannot destroy it. The man -- nobody even knows his name, they even erased his name from the books; nobody knows who he was, but he has done a tremendous service to humanity.

I have denied the invitation to visit America for years. My first Western disciples were American. Mukta has been asking me to go to America, and she could manage it because she belongs to one of the richest families in the Greek world. But I said, "No, Mukta."

One day while sitting in my room, Sheela just laughingly offered me a bottle of champagne, thinking that I would refuse, not knowing me at all. I accepted it with a "thank you." She looked puzzled. Vivek laughed, everybody laughed when I poured the champagne into my glass and drank it. Vivek took pictures. They have been hiding those pictures, but I will persuade them to give the pictures to you because they are the tenth picture. I want to add the tenth picture to a man himself, not to any story, not to any pack of cards.

In the East only the woman serves the wine. Ashu, don't be afraid. Except fear, nothing has been the enemy of women. They were subjugated because of their fear. They were so ready, so willing to be subjugated, to be slaves, and for centuries. Don't be afraid. At least with me be fearless, because I teach nothing but fearlessness.

I want to bring back the ordinary man, with all his extraordinariness. Naturally, first I have to be that ordinary man myself -- and I am an ordinary man, extraordinarily ordinary... with a champagne bottle in the marketplace, rejoicing. That's what champagne represents.

Life is nothing but wine, and at such heights I know that I am a drunkard. I know the ultimate heights of Being and nothing can be higher than that, that much I know.

Om Mani Padme Hum....

Even while I am dying I will say the last word. Nobody else can say it for me, on my behalf; nobody can be a pope. I am... and will not be represented by anyone else.

Om Mani Padme Hum...
The Jewel and the Lotus.

SESSION 5

Om Mani Padme Hum

I was thinking to discontinue the mantra, but the beauty is such that it cannot be discontinued so soon. For one reason more, Devageet: it has only scratched your subconscious, not penetrated to the very core, to the very center; hence I have to continue....

Om Mani Padme Hum....

The Himalayan hills
are covered with snow, and
the sun is rising.
The first sunrays
falling on the snow are
creating millions of
diamonds....

That is the meaning of Mani, Diamond. The Diamond symbolically represents the eternal. What a strange phenomenon, the snow, the ephemeral... one moment here, the next moment gone; sometimes represents the eternal....

The snow,
the sunrise,
the diamonds,
the miracle of eternal being
reflected in the ephemeral,
in the very phenomenal....

Just as the moon is reflected in the lake, even ripples can disturb it; just a pebble thrown into the lake is enough. But although it can be disturbed it is capable of reflecting the beyond in its undisturbed moments. That is what I call meditation: an undisturbed moment in mind -- which is always disturbed, but is capable of being undisturbed. The very disturbance proves its capacity to remain undisturbed -- even if for a single moment it is here and now. In fact we should only say "herenow"; the and should be dropped. It is not needed in reality. In language maybe it is needed, but I am not a linguist, thank God. Although there is no God we can still use the expression thank God -- that means thanking no one.

The moment the mind is herenow... get it! Herenow... get it!

Om Mani Padme Hum

Then you are surrounded in all directions and dimensions by diamonds, and also by lotuses. That is the meaning of Padme.

Om Mani -- aahhh! The Diamond... the Diamond is the indestructible part of our being. Om Mani Padme Hum, and the Padme, the Lotus, is our changing circumference. The Diamond is our center, and the Lotus, the cyclone, and we are the centers of the cyclone.

And what is the Hum? It means nothing but emphasis. It simply means, as when you strike a rock with a hammer you say "Hummmmm!" -- that is Hum. And the mystics have to strike on the rock of your unconscious... Hummmmm!

Om Mani Padme Hum... what a beautiful expression: the Diamond and the Lotus together. They are not colleagues; the Diamond lives in a totally different world. The Lotus knows nothing of the diamond, but the mystic has brought them together. The mystic is the magician. He brings things together which cannot ordinarily be brought together. Togetherness is his whole work, and this mantra represents the ultimate togetherness of the mortal and the immortal...

of darkness and light,
of the changing and the unchanging...
Om Mani Padme Hum....

I love it so much; that's why, although I had decided to discontinue this series, in spite of myself I have to continue it.

A strange thing is happening today. My right eye is becoming blurred with a tear. It is because of Devageet becoming scratched -- although only the unconscious, and that too is being scratched only in part, but still that affects my right eye. My left eye, which is always full of tears at such moments, is absolutely clear. This is happening for the first time. Ashu, you should be sad. My right eye is full with a tear. But I don't really mean that you should be sad... soon my left eye will follow. Just go to the heights so the left eye also is full of tears... and the poor right will never be full of tears, only a small tear, but even that is rare.

Remember again Jonathan the Seagull. Go higher. I will not be able to speak until my left eye becomes full of tears. Yes, the tear is appearing.

Tears are beautiful....

Tears and laughter,
life consists of only two things.

The dance is coming... the dance of Jalaluddin... thirty-six hours dancing continuously shouting "Allah! Allah! Allah!" People first gathered around him, then they left. How long could they stay with him? Thirty-six hours! Even the disciples left. That is condemnable. Then he was alone, but he continued his dance.

That is what I am doing in my aloneness -- dancing, singing. Nobody else is there... nobody else can be. Everybody is born alone, remains alone, dies alone....

Om Mani Padme Hum.

Ashu, your tear is just appearing in my left eye like a sunrise. But this time it is appearing on both of my sides, left and right; I am amazed because it always used to appear only on the left.

Aahhh... Om Mani Padme Hum...
the flowers are blooming.

Om Mani Padme Hum

I cannot wait any longer. I know my bladder is full. I have already waited too long. I am such a rascal that even if something is going against me I will sit up in my grave and say, "Stop! Put it right! Put it exactly as I want it!" With me you cannot have your own way. My way is the only way, as far as being with me is concerned.

Om Mani Padme Hum....

SESSION 6

Om Mani Padme Hum

Ordinarily man has understood meditation to mean concentration. It is not, it is relaxation, and both are contrary. This is so beautiful... I can sing my song. Alas I am not a singer, nor a poet, nor a painter, but one need not be a poet, a painter, or singer to sing a song; one can sing it just by being ordinary. It works in ordinariness.

This morning I was talking about The Ten Bulls of Zen. The ninth picture is just an empty garden. That has been the ultimate of all religions. Even Krishnamurti belongs to the ninth picture. It does not matter whether he thinks it is so or not, but he belongs to it. I have been in the company of the ninth -- Krishna, Ramana, J. Krishnamurti, and there are the ancient ones also: Mahavira, Mohammed, Moses -- they all belong to the ninth. Yes, they are very saintly, very extraordinary. The grip of the extraordinary is extraordinary; to get out of it is the last thing in existence, and that is the tenth card. When you come out of nothingness, back into the world of ordinariness, it is so beautiful. The ordinary is no more ordinary. The mundane has become sacred. Om Mani Padme Hum contains both. Om is beyond it, and Hum is below the expressible. Hum is used by the laborers; Om is used by the saints. Om Mani Padme Hum joins them both; Om becomes Hum, and Hum becomes Om.... What a tremendous synthesis. The Diamond is the hardest, the most masculine -- Mao Zedong, Joseph Stalin. Amazingly, Stalin means steel; that's what the Diamond stands for. It is the steepest of all steels. And the Lotus, the softest, the most fragile. You cannot conceive of anything more fragile than a lotus -- the hardest and the softest. The Lotus represents the feminine. The feminine is always at the center, the center of everyone. The Diamond is at the circumference. Its hardness is to guard, to protect -- a safety device, a security. The feminine however is at the center, at the very core where security is not needed; where one can open up in love; where one can trust; where trust is simple, not arranged, not made. It is simply, effortlessly there. This mantra joins them both, the highest, Om, with the lowest, Hum. The hardest, the Diamond, with the softest, the Lotus. The total is what is existential, and here and now. It is the present within me herenow. It is present in my silence, and it is also present in the words that bubble out of my silence. I have come across hundreds of mantras but nothing is comparable to Om Mani Padme Hum. Just from words, or rather sounds... but what intensity! What fire! What sacred fire! It is no ordinary fire, but a sacred fire which burns, and burns totally, leaving nothing behind... and yet you are reborn out of it. It is a mystery just like the mythological story of the phoenix -- the story of a bird burning itself to death, and out of that death coming alive again and again, eternally. It is not just a myth. No myth is just a myth; something of the truth is given through it. Down the generations this mantra has been there, and I have come to it again and again. I see Ashu laughing. She must be thinking, "This man is really crazy. He must be to come back again and again to his mantra." You cannot drown his mantra; to drown him is impossible, so the mantra goes on and on....

Om Mani Padme Hum....

This is the mantra Tibetans repeat when a child is born... not exactly that, but when a child is conceived. How is it possible? The method is this: while you are making love, keep repeating this mantra, so when the child is conceived, Om Mani Padme Hum is there from the beginning. For nine months the mother repeats it as often as possible, and whenever possible. When the child is born, the father repeats the mantra, the lama repeats the mantra. "Priest" is an ugly translation, but in English the only translation for lama is priest, but that's not my fault. A lama is not just a priest, he is a prophet too. He comes

when the child is born -not a doctor, but the mystic -- and he repeats the mantra continuously. As the head of the child emerges, he is repeating; as the child is born, he is born into Om Mani Padme Hum.

The same happens when one falls in love and gets married. The lama is not a Christian priest marrying two people, he is a mystic helping two people to go deep into love. He again repeats the mantra.

Om Mani Padme Hum....

Again it is not what you would call a wedding; it is not a bondage. It is beautiful. Hence in Tibet they have never heard of divorce. You will be surprised... only now, recently, have they heard of it; otherwise for centuries and centuries their people have been joined in love. The very concept of divorce was unknown to them.

Again the same mantra is repeated when a person is dying. The lama repeats it, and so does everybody present. The dying person is in an ocean of Om Mani Padme Hum.

From the very beginning to the end this mantra remains a secret, silent undercurrent in the life of the man.

So don't laugh; try to understand, rather, try to feel. Perhaps that's why I continued with it. In my sane moments I was going to stop. But trust my insanity. The more insane I am, the closer I am to truth.

Om Mani Padme Hum....

I have left the ninth card of Zen because I was tired of Moses, Ramakrishna, Mohammed, Mahavira, Krishnamurti -- the whole company. They are good company, but even good company sooner or later becomes nauseating. A good company, just good, becomes tasteless. I dropped out of it. I transcended it and became a real dropout: the tenth bull of Zen. And entering the tenth I have known all that is worth knowing, while the poor fellows in the ninth are playing with toys... religious toys, but toys are toys. Only in the tenth are you beyond. And the tenth resounds in you with the soundless sound of...

Om Mani Padme Hum....

This will be the last for this series.